

The Hartley University College Magazine.

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THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

NOTES AND NEWS.

* * *

IN OUR last issue we held out the prospect that with this number of the Magazine, the first of volume five, several changes might be introduced. In particular the Committee hoped that they might be able to publish two numbers a term, instead of the single issue, which has up to the present had to do duty. When, however, estimates were obtained, it was found that the extra expense would be so great that it would not be possible, in the present straitened condition of College finances, to afford it. Hence we have to maintain for the nonce our old custom of terminal issues, and to find consolation in the virtue which springs from necessity, and in the truth that underlies such aphorisms as that of Burke, which says that "to innovate is not to improve."

ONE innovation, however, which we feel is also an improvement, we have made. We have got our new cover. But in getting this we have not so much inaugurated a new policy as fulfilled the original purpose of the founders of the Magazine. The very first number contained the announcement, "It must not be supposed that there is any intention of allowing the cover to continue in its present condition of plainness," and made the offer of a prize for the best design. That prize has now been awarded, and we offer our hearty thanks and congratulations to Mr. G. Ford, the winner. And not less heartily do we thank those who sent in designs which did not gain the prize. Some of them were of remarkable excellence, and it caused the Committee much regret that they had to limit their choice to one. Why should a magazine have only one cover? Few people are so poor as to have only one suit of clothes.

ONE thing this College urgently needs, and that is a College Song. The want of a recognised and authoritative song has this result, that there is no uniformity of noise throughout the College buildings. When a class is waiting for a lecturer, there is no sort of agreement as to what kind of uproar shall

be made. The Welsh are rich in riotous melodies, but (national prejudice apart), these are the inalienable heritage of Welsh throats trained by generations of experience to stand their passage. There are also a sufficient number of hob-nailed boots in the College to make it possible to raise a very creditable war-dance on a wooden floor, but we do not all wear hob-nailed boots, and unity is of the very essence of College life. Other expedients might be mentioned which subserve the same purpose, and help to make a transitory, sectional, or departmental din. But we feel confident that no general, continuous, unanimous, and complete uproar can ever prevail through the College until it has its Song. Who will write the College Song?

THE Prize-giving for the Session 1903-4 was held in the College Hall on Feb. 9th. There was, as is usual on these occasions, a very large attendance of students and friends. The President of the College, the Duke of Wellington, K.G., presided, and he was supported by many influential gentlemen from the county and the borough, in addition to the College staff. The proceedings were marked by more than normal enthusiasm; in other words, the students were uncommonly noisy. But their demonstrative jocularity seemed to relieve the ceremony from monotony, and only on one or two occasions did their ejaculations pass beyond the borders of good taste. The educational note struck in the speeches was not a very high one; but, after all, money is a necessity; and is not technical training the weapon on which we rely (with or without the aid of tariff reform) in our great industrial conflict with the Germans? Sir John Thornycroft, the famous naval engineer, was to have given away the prizes, but the all-prevailing influenza prevented him from being present. In his absence, the Duke performed most gracefully his gracious task.

IN spite of the admitted importance of technical education, and in spite of the fact that scarcely any other department of education was referred to at the Prize-giving, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction that many signs give evidence that other aspects of education are beginning, once again, to receive recognition. The "Spectator" of March 11th makes note of a weighty article in the "Contemporary" by Sir Edward Fry on "Science and Education." Sir Edward offers a weighty plea against the undue exaltation of scientific training as a means to national efficiency. His contention is summed up in the saying that "science must take a seat below morals in the educational conclave, because

right morals are necessary to constitute a good man, and right science is not; because, in the hierarchy of our faculties, conscience is superior to knowledge." This view is fortified by a number of striking illustrations, the antithesis between the moral sense and the indifference of science being illustrated by the proceedings of the Hague Conference, 1899. "It would seem," he adds, "as though in the future one of the chief functions of diplomacy will be to check the application to practice of the new results of science."

THE current term has been peculiarly rich in public lectures. Since our last issue appeared, three more of the series of six lectures arranged by the Senate of the College have been given. On Dec. 8th, Prof. Eustice dealt with the "Steam Turbine"; on Jan. 19th, Dr. Boyd discussed the problem, "What is an Element?" and on Feb. 16th, Prof. Hearnshaw gave an account of the Court Leet of Southampton. Before this issue is in the hands of its readers, Prof. Fletcher will have completed the series with his discourse on "Old Greek Education." We hope to give a report of Prof. Fletcher's lecture in our summer number; accounts of the other three appear below.

The Senate intend to try to arrange a similar course for next session. There has been some talk of calling in outside lecturers to supplement the College staff; but there are so many members of the staff—Professors and Lecturers—who are still unexhausted, that we trust that this needless and expensive intrusion may be avoided.

UNDER the auspices of the National Home Reading Union, Mr. Philip Wicksteed has been delivering, in the College, a course of six lectures on Dante. The students of the College owe a great debt of gratitude to the organisers of this admirable course for the kindness which they have shown in admitting them to the lectures free of charge. Mr. Wicksteed ranks, with Mr. A. J. Butler, as the foremost English interpreter of the great mediæval Italian poet.

A most interesting lecture was given on March 8th, in the College Hall by Mr. Sonnenschein on the "Teaching of Reading." By a careful and labourious study of the English language Mr. Sonnenschein claims to have thoroughly classified its spoken sounds and their written symbols. On such a scientific basis he has composed reading books with difficulties carefully graded. These, in his opinion, used

properly, will teach a child to read in one year. This scheme excellently set forth by the lecturer merits very careful study and consideration by teachers; it is the life-work of one of their number.

THE Southampton Literary and Philosophical Society has during the past few months been brought into very close touch with the College. On December 12th last, Prof. Hearnshaw delivered before the Society a lecture on "Some Interesting Problems of International Law, with special reference to the Russo-Japanese War." At the annual *Conversazione* on January 16th, the Principal and (on behalf of Prof. Eustice), Mr. Burnand gave demonstrations illustrative of "Radium," and the "Steam Turbine," respectively. On January 23rd, Dr. Easton, one of the ablest and most influential members of the College Council, gave to one of the largest audiences of the session, a profound and suggestive lecture on "The Educative Functions of History." The College is most fortunate in having on its governing board a thinker and educational expert of such wide views and such lofty ideals. Finally, on March 6th, Sir William Preece, F.R.S., the eminent electrical engineer, addressed in the College Hall, an open meeting of the Society on "Engineering in Egypt." Mr. G. E. Pitt, the energetic Secretary, is to be heartily congratulated on his successful organisation of this useful society.

The term has been rich in *soirées*, the *soirées* rich in dramatic entertainments, and the dramatic entertainments rich in evidence that the College possesses students of no ordinary histrionic ability. For details of the *soirées* we refer our readers to the reports at the end of this number, and for an interesting study in dramatic criticism to the article, "Some Notes on a certain Human Face."

WE wish to express our sincere sympathy with Mr. H. H. Maxwell, B.A., Lecturer in Education, in his long and painful illness. Mr. Maxwell has been much missed in the College, where he has made himself, by his unfailing tactfulness and kindness, very popular. We are glad to hear that he is making steady progress towards recovery, and we can assure him of a very hearty welcome whenever he is able to return. Prof. Fletcher and his staff are to be congratulated on the skill with which they have organised their work in Mr. Maxwell's absence.

DR. ERNEST W. SKEATS, A.R.C.Sc., F.G.S., of the Royal College of Science, London, younger son of Mr. F. G. Skeats, of the Polygon, Southampton, has been appointed to the Chair of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Melbourne. At the time of his nomination for the Melbourne post, Dr. Skeats was Senior Demonstrator of Geology at the Royal College of Science, London. He holds the Degree of Doctor of Science in Geology, London University, is an Associate of the Royal College of Science in the first class in Geology and in Chemistry, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geological Society. He received his general education at Handel College, Southampton, and had his grounding in science at the Hartley Institution. Prof. Skeats left England for Australia about the middle of January.

WE have, on this occasion, the sad duty laid upon us of chronicling the deaths of two of the "makers" of our University College. On Jan. 15th, passed away Mr. T. W. Shore, who for over twenty years was at the head of the Hartley Institution, from which the present College has developed. During his long tenure of the principalship he did most valuable work in geology and archæology, and our museum bears eloquent testimony to his years of patient and assiduous toil as a collector. On March 8th, Mr. William Garton, Vice-President of the College, died with painful suddenness. Mr. Garton had been for many years one of the most generous patrons and consistent supporters of the College, one of those to whom the Council turned first for help when any new venture was to be inaugurated. He will always be remembered as a powerful friend of the College during its struggling infancy—during the days when powerful friendship was most needed and was most effective.

A PITIFUL petition from the over-employed students to the Senate secured from that usually relentless body the concession of a half-term holiday. From noon on Friday, Feb. 24th, to nine on Tuesday, Feb. 28th, the wearied bodies and congested brains of the slave-driven accumulators of information were able to seek repose and relief. But the Professors and Lecturers, what of them? What relaxation did they pursue? The insoluble problems which they propounded, the impracticable tests which they set when work was resumed, are eloquent as to their occupation.

THE Annual Re-union of the H.U.C. Teachers' (Past Students') Association will be held at the College during the

Easter Vacation. The arrangements are in the hands of an energetic committee of local members, and the programme, consisting of a dance, soirées, and excursions, will shortly be announced. The Association cordially invites all students at present in training to take part in the Re-union.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW appears for the moment to have ceased from his usual attacks on Nature, and Society, and other moral monsters, and to have turned his weapons (syphons of aerated language) on education. The whole educational system of England, says this indiscriminating squirter of epithets, is "a tremendous imposture." Hence "the teachers are necessarily gross impostors too": they pretend to aim at that impracticable absurdity, "the moulding of character." Away with such nonsense! "The children must be taught how to jump off tram-cars, the use of the ready reckoner, electioneering, the work of local authorities, railway travelling, and the universal language." What a curriculum! Fancy Education Committees laying down special scholastic tramways in country districts, and fancy the schoolmaster (no longer a gross impostor) going model railway journeys with a bevy of infants! Truth to tell, Mr. George Bernard Shaw is one of those men (like the late Mr. Daniel Leno and Mr. G. K. Chesterton) who are the victims of their reputations. They have got a name for physical, or mental, or moral contortions, and to maintain the lustre of their name they have to go on contorting ever more violently, unnaturally, ridiculously. They are to be profoundly pitied.

As we go to press we cannot refrain from adding a note to express our deep disgust at the behaviour of a small gang of students at Prof. Fletcher's lecture on Thursday, March 16th. Their ejaculations, interruptions, whistlings, demonstrations, applaudings, stampedes, excursions, and alarms, were not only not amusing, they were exhibitions of violent and malignant vulgarity.

We feel that if only the identity of the evil-minded and ill-mannered culprits could be determined, no punishment would be too severe for them. But they were screened by the shadows of the dimly lime-lit gloom, and so they will probably escape conviction. May their consciences haunt them in the night.

If the function had been confined to members of the College the incident would have been bad enough; but in view of the

fact that the College had invited the people of the town to come as guests, the gross hooliganism of this coterie of savages was sufficient to inflict lasting disgrace, not only upon themselves, but upon the College as a whole.

We feel so indignant that we could, if we chose, use strong language to express our sentiments. But we will restrain ourselves, and will merely add that we are sure that not only the whole of the staff, but also the great majority of the students share our feeling of humiliation and wrath.

THE LECTURES OF THE TERM.

• • •

1.—*Professor Eustice on "The Coming of the Steam Turbine."*

THE third of the series of public lectures by members of Senate of the College was delivered on December 8th by Prof. J. Eustice, who took for his title "The Coming of the Steam Turbine." The chair was taken by Mr. Wm. Summers. At the outset the lecturer showed that the steam engine of to-day was a product of the work of many generations of earnest workers, and that it was strange to find that the modern tendency in steam engine construction was to adopt the ideas of the earliest workers in this very wide field of science. By means of experiments the difference between pressure and impulse machines was demonstrated, and it was shown that the first type of turbine was that in which the steam issued from jets on a rotating wheel. This was the earliest type of steam turbine. It was described by Hero in 120 B.C., and the same principle has been used in the De Laval turbine of 1882. In a more modern turbine the steam issues from fixed nozzles and impinges on the vanes of a wheel: This type seems to have been first used by Branca in the 17th century, but in Pilbrow's engine of 1843 the high velocity with which steam issues from an orifice had been utilised. Modern forms of this type of turbine attained a peripheral speed of 16 miles per minute, but by means of the ingenuity of such workers as Riedler and Stumpf, methods had been devised whereby this speed could be reduced.

Prof. Eustice went on to sketch the development of the Parsons turbine in which the work of Wilson & Pilbrow had led up to the modern successful turbine consisting of a multiple series of rotors and guide blades. There were enormous practical difficulties which had to be overcome before the turbine could become an economic possibility, and all

honour was due to Parsons for his unfailing energy and persistence. The multicellular turbine, which had been developed by Prof. Rateau, was next described, and the audience was told how this turbine had been used on torpedo boat destroyers, and how the American Curtis turbine was a combination of the multicellular and drum types. The lecturer dealt with the destroyers, now unfortunately destroyed, *Viper* and *Cobra*, in which a speed of forty miles per hour had been attained. In conclusion, diagrams were shown illustrating the relative costs of reciprocating and turbine engines, which proved that under many circumstances the turbine was the better and more economical type.

The lecture was splendidly illustrated by experiments and lantern slides, and the high standard set by previous lectures was well maintained.

H.S.R.

II.—*Professor Boyd on "What is an Element?"*

THE first public lecture of the present term was given on January 19th, by Prof. D. R. Boyd, upon the question, "What is an Element?" The chair was taken by A. G. Vernon Harcourt, Esq., F.R.S., the well-known chemist, and a glance at the platform, with its array of apparatus, together with a screen in the back ground, showed that experimental and lantern illustrations were to be a feature of the lecture. Dr. Boyd opened his remarks with an explanation of the meaning and derivation of the word Element, and proceeded to show that before the time of Boyle, scientific methods of investigation were practically non-existent. The ways of the alchemists of old were indeed remarkable, their researches seemingly resolving themselves into attempts to discover the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. The lecturer candidly remarked that the finding of the stone, which was supposed to be able to change the baser metals into gold, was a matter of more than philosophical interest, and so jealous were these alchemists of their discoveries that they announced their results in weird and mysterious forms. Boyle, by his more scientific habits of working, Dalton, by his atomic theory, and Mendeljeff by his periodic classification of the elements had done work of enormous value towards answering the question, "What is an Element?" The work of the latter chemist was clearly and lucidly explained by the lecturer, the similarity of the musical scale and the periodic classification being finely illustrated.

Coming to experimental work, the fact that such common objects as sugar &c. were not elementary was proved, and experimental evidence of the properties of the alkaline metals, and of the chlorine group was given. Among the experiments shown were the decomposition of hydriodic acid by heat, and the burning of phosphorus in chlorine peroxide gas. The difference between acids and bases and their methods of formation was also illustrated experimentally. The gradual alteration of the properties of the halogens as their atomic weights increased received considerable attention, and the combination of hydrogen and chlorine under the influence of light in connection with these properties was amongst the many striking experiments performed during the evening.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Vernon Harcourt proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Boyd, and incidentally remarked that the earliest suggestions of a periodic classification of the elements was really due to the English chemist, Newlands.

H.S.R.

III.—*Professor Hearnshaw on "The Court Leet of Southampton."*

On Thursday, February 16th, Prof. Hearnshaw delivered his lecture on "The Court Leet of Southampton" to a large audience, for whom the subject had an added interest on account of its local association.

The lecturer opened with vividly contrasting pictures of the Southampton Court Leet at the present day and in the Middle Ages: the feature of the ancient leet which seemed most to recommend it to modern ideas was the abundant feast, with its copious supply of ale and beef, provided by the Corporation when the business of the day was finished.

Prof. Hearnshaw then traced the history of the leet from Anglo-Saxon times, when the chief instrument of police was the frankpledge based on mutual responsibility, through the Norman and Angevin periods, where we find the Sheriff as president of the half-yearly court which developes into the leet, enrolling the people in groups of ten, responsible for one another's good behaviour. A description of the procedure of the Court followed:—it is interesting to note here that in 1267, boys under 12, men over 60, and women were exempted from attendance when the roll was called.

The functions of the leet are especially interesting: it made inquiries into questions of treason, murder or manslaughter, arson and burglary, and had full powers in cases of treasure-trove, waifs and strays, "common nuisances"—in Southampton the nuisance most objected to was that of "keeping hogs in town," a point which recurs again and again; the doings of "evil persons," such as "those that sleep in the day and walk in the night"; the instruments of justice, such as the ducking stool and the pillory; unlawful games, such as card playing and tennis; the regulation for dress, for instance, the wearing of silk by people who had no right to it; and the size and shape of ladies' head-gear—all were under the jurisdiction of this Court.

The Southampton Court Leet has no extant records earlier than 1550, but traces of its activities are found, and references are made to it in later records. From this time records of the yearly meetings exist, although the court had probably already begun to decline. The chief matters which fill the books of the records are the maintenance of the walls and defence of the town, public nuisances, such as "keeping hogs" within the town walls, and killing animals in the street, trade regulations, such as one directing that bulls should be baited before being killed, as it made the meat more tender, and at the same time provided innocent sport.

The decline of the leet was caused by the change in the character of the town and times, by the executive ineffectiveness of the court and the growth of more efficient local authorities.

Not the least interesting feature of the lecture was the extracts from the leet records in their quaint mediæval phraseology, illustrative of various points.

Prof. Hearnshaw concluded his delightful lecture with two suggestions—that the records of the leet, singularly full and interesting in the case of Southampton, should be published, and that there should be a historical revival of the old Court at Cut Thorn, where it was held in its more active days, if possible, on May 16th, on which date the meeting of the leet falls due this year.

E.A.



HOW WE CAUGHT THE MOUSE.

* * *

It was about the middle of the Summer term, Sessionals were already looming in the distance, "Inter" was alarmingly near, and yet the weather was so glorious, the sea and sky seen from our study window so dazzlingly blue, the tennis courts so cool and shady, that even the most conscientious student was tempted to try to solve the problem of how to get two hours of boating, two hours of tennis and nine hours of study into each day, only to find, alas, that the sole way out of the difficulty was to burn the "dim midnight oil," and to con over "unseens," or dissect beasties when the hands of the clock were pointing to the small hours of the morning.

It was on such a night as this, the hour being something after midnight that I sat in my room listening to the sound of the waves lapping gently on the shore and wondering if my conscience would allow me to put away work for the night, when a gentle rap was heard, and a frightened voice whispered, "Are you still up? Do come here a minute."

I quickly opened the door, and there stood a fellow student, shaking with fear and excitement, who made the following terrible announcement—"There's a mouse in No. 24, and we don't know what in the world to do."

Snatching up the most available weapon—a fountain pen, I accompanied my friend to the room opposite, and there this sight met our eyes.

One girl on a chair was brandishing a tennis racquet, another girl on the bed waved a poker, while two or three others who had also been summoned had mounted a chest of drawers and even the washhand-stand. Books, pillows, boots and shoes, were scattered here and there over the floor, and altogether the room looked as though a whole menagerie had been quartered there for a week. On our entering, we were hauled up at once to a place of safety, and then the fun began.

Mr. Mouse finding that he had the whole of the floor to himself, very kindly gave us a gymnastic display; first, the long jump, then the high jump, and finally, finding he had no one to compete with, he suddenly disappeared behind the curtain, evidently meditating on something still more alarming to the spectators.

Now I am sorry to confess it, but it was the custom of a few of us to indulge in the luxury of midnight tea (some

even went so far as a wet towel), and so it chanced that by the side of the fender stood a teapot, with its lid on the floor. While we were breathlessly awaiting the next appearance of our unwelcome guest, we saw to our amazement that he had crept out of his hiding place, and was slowly approaching the teapot. After looking at it curiously, he climbed up the handle, reached the top, and . . . disappeared. In an instant one of the watchers, with great presence of mind, jumped off her chair and slipped on the lid. Everyone's courage at once returned, and a perfect babel of tongues arose. "Fancy his going in there, how lucky!" "Did you see him go in?" "He took a regular header into the pot." "I saw him on the handle, but I didn't see him jump in." "Oh, he's in there right enough, listen!"

And we really did think we heard something moving inside.

Now came the question—What was to be done? We couldn't possibly keep him in the teapot all night. One was for dropping him out of the window, another for letting him loose in the garden, another for reserving him for the cat, but after a warm discussion, we decided that the best thing to do was to drown him, and at once. In fear and trembling lest we should arouse the whole house, two of us, taking off our slippers, creaked down the stairs to the kitchens, and after sundry trips and bangs against unexpected corners, which always do seem to stick out about six inches further in the dark than in the daylight, we managed, by the light of a match to find a large pail, and so returned with our treasure.

Meanwhile, above, while three pairs of hands had held the lid on with all their might, the others had collected every available piece of string, and had tied on the lid as though a veritable Sandow were enclosed within.

It was on the landing that the final scene took place. Filling the pail to the brim, we suddenly plunged the teapot in, and fixed it down with a coal-scoop. Some declared they could hear the poor victim squeaking, and when others said they heard him breathing his last sighs, we agreed it was safe to retire for the night, and so dispersed to our respective rooms.

About ten minutes afterwards, as I was turning out my gas, I heard a soft foot-fall outside, and peeping out beheld a very timid student, who, evidently having doubts as to whether all was quite safe yet, or whether the victim would float upwards through the spout, was covering the pail over with a huge classical atlas, and piling thereon a lexicon and some volumes of "Welton's Logic."

Having arranged these to her satisfaction, she quietly retired, and for a few hours silence reigned.

About 7.30 a.m. voices on the landing aroused me, and in a minute I was summoned to come and help. The books had been carried off, and behold! the water had actually turned a light brown, while one girl declared "it positively smelt mousey."

The next questions to decide were—Who would open the teapot? What was to be done with the corpse? No one was anxious to plunge her hand into the water, but at last a bright spirit hit on a happy idea of the fire tongs, and so with these, and the aid of sundry knives and scissors, we got the pot out and the lid off. Every one watched anxiously as the girl holding the teapot peered in. "What is he like?" "Isn't he dead yet?" were amongst the questions asked.

My friend looked closer and closer, and at last burst into a peal of laughter "Why, there is nothing here but a few tea leaves," she said, and after a careful examination by each of us, we found that her words were quite true.

Somehow we managed to smuggle the pail down again, and tried our hardest to hush the whole story up, but gradually it leaked out little by little, and to this day there are one or two old friends who, on meeting me at rare intervals, never fail to ask, "Oh, do you remember how we caught the mouse?"

N.B.—I have since had it on good authority from one who ought to know—namely the occupier of No. 24—that for a whole week after our adventure, that mouse used to give quite a distinct chuckle from behind the wainscot about one o'clock in the morning.

Mus.

THE PALACE OF THE FAIR.

* * *

WHITE as a sea gull on the green
Of far-out spreading ocean,
Lies Bevois Hostel in the sheen
Of laurel leaves' commotion.
From boughs above soft melodies
Float sweetly to the ear,
And pine trees sobbing threnodies
Sound with a cadence clear.

Abode of beauty, Bevois Mount,
Mecca to which men turn,
For whose bright lawns it is their wont
With ardent sighs to yearn.
Alas! that thus thy walls should stand
In splendour pure and white,
That songs should ring on either hand
With not a girl in sight.

Ah! well-remembered spot—that tree,
Whose trailing boughs sweep low,
I picture in my memory
Oft with a tender glow.
How shall I tell the secret thing?
My cheek with crimson glows,
'Twas there—how well the memories cling—
A cracker burnt my nose.

Oh! well-remembered night—what glee
Pervaded every breast!
How splendid Guy Fawkes mimicry!
How great a student's zest!
Who'd black his hands and burn his nose,
Or singe his neighbour's hair,
To paint with quickly-fading glows
The Palace of the Fair.

Methinks I see that vision now
Of Mumford, all serene,
Performing cake-walks like a cow
Upon a village green.
Strange shadows fall upon the trees,
Loud clamours clang around,
The awful tones of mighty Rees
Mingle with sweeter sound.

See! strenuous Sayle holds up a squib,
Look with what tender care
He nurses with soft breathings glib
Its blue flame fluttering bare.
Hark how above the maidens cheer!
The fire-gods fizz below,
While gaunt and grim as shades appear
The hordes of gallant Rowe.

Now voices rise in sad farewell,
With cadence sweet and low,
And "Auld Lang Syne" begins to swell
The music's tidal flow.

Fair hands above wave last good-night,
 The pale stars wink for joy,
 While sons of Wales with merry might
 Their "sospan fach" employ.

The fair scene fades like all fair scenes
 That have but skin-deep beauty,
 Where now are those bright, gaudy greens?
 Those Roman candles sooty?
 Where the red rocket's trailing fire?
 The cracker's transient crack?
 All vanished into mouldering mire
 And ashes grey and black.

Ah me! Don't weep, I prithee all,
 It was a pretty sight
 To watch the fire-flood flash and fall
 And dim the sea of night.
 Don't weep. You'll do the same again
 Come Guy Fawkes' day next year;
 So save the water for some pain
 That needs the trickling tear.

Ah me! I fondly dream. What Ho!
 I must be waking up,
 Ere rain or snow begins to flow
 O'er heaven's full-brimming cup.
 "'Tis Winter Vac.," and all are far;
 Why linger here to ponder?
 Come write a sonnet to a star,
 Fold up thy tent and wander.

W.F.P.

THE WORK OF DR. J. T. JENKINS

(as Superintendent of the Lancashire and Western
 Sea Fisheries District.)

+ + +

No doubt many friends of Dr. Jenkins, who vacated the Professorship of Biology in the College last Summer, to take up his appointment as Superintendent of the Lancashire and Western Sea Fisheries District, will be interested in the following resumé of a report recently published on his work in his new sphere of activity. This report contains a summary of the work done by Dr. Jenkins and his assistants during the three months ending 31st December, 1904. It runs to 72

pages, with illustrations, charts, and a series of statistical tables which must represent a large amount of arduous and careful work, and which speak volumes for the energy of our former Professor of Biology.

A large part of the Report is occupied by tabulated returns dealing with the fisheries of the North-West coast of England, and naturally this statistical matter, though doubtless of great value to all concerned with British fishing industries, is not of great general interest to an outsider. However, it is possible to select a few items which all can appreciate. It is sad, for instance, to learn that those concerned in promoting the prosperity of the cockle industry are compelled to express what practically amounts to a desire for the extermination of sea-gulls, and there appears to be much reason for this ruthless attitude towards these seemingly (to the summer seaside tripper) innocent birds. It appears that the North Lancashire cockle beds have for some years been declining in value, this decline affecting both the size of the shellfish and the number taken by the "cocklers." This is due to several causes—one is the use of an implement locally called the "jumbo," a wooden board about five feet long, fourteen inches broad, and an inch thick, which is dragged along the cockle beds by means of two uprights used as handles. "The jumbo brings up to the surface all manner of cockles—marketable and undersized. The latter are left on the surface of the sand, only to be devoured by the gulls, which frequent the Northern sands in enormous numbers. The excreta of these gulls is notably composed to a large extent of comminuted fragments of cockle shells." It is recommended that the use of the jumbo be reduced to a minimum, that steps be taken to exempt all species of gulls from the provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act, and that the fishermen themselves should co-operate to restrict the output and obtain a better price for the cockles. One is left in some doubt as to whether the fishermen or the gulls are the more to blame for the depletion of the cockle beds, and one feels a sentimental desire that the dread sentence of extirpation hanging over these unhappy birds may be deferred indefinitely.

Another interesting portion of the Report is that dealing with experiments on the migration of flat-fishes. "A silver wire about an inch long has a loop at one end. A bone button is threaded on to this loop, and then a hole is pierced, just as an ear is pierced for an ear-ring, through the body of the fish. The whole proceeding, including measuring the fish, recording it, making the operation, and replacing the fish in the tank, takes less than a minute. The fish when marked are kept in

a tank with running sea water for some hours, to make sure that all have plenty of vitality, before they are liberated." Some instances are given of the journeys accomplished by marked fishes which have been liberated and recaptured. In one case, a plaice had travelled a distance of 40 miles in 20 days, "supposing, what is far from probable, that it took the shortest route between these points." Another had travelled 50 miles in less than a month. Further experiments are in progress, and the results of these when published will doubtless afford interesting reading.

Dr. Jenkins is to be heartily congratulated on this Report, which bears evidence of untiring energy and successful work in his new sphere, and all who know him will be unanimous in predicting for him a most useful and successful career in the important undertaking over which he presides.

F.C.

SOME OXFORD IMPRESSIONS.

• • •

I HAVE been asked to write a short letter to the *H.U.C. Magazine* giving some impressions of my new life at Oxford, with threats that I shall be compelled to write a long article later on. So snatching a brief moment from "leckers" (lectures), private study, and social duties, I will endeavour to comply with the exacting demands of your Editor. I can promise only a very brief outline, which I will try to fill in at my earliest opportunity.

I need scarcely say that when the opportunity came for me to go to Oxford I eagerly and at once availed myself of it, feeling very grateful that the privilege which had been denied so many was given to me. The period before my departure was taken up in anticipation and preparation. At last the long looked-for day arrived. There is a rather striking passage in a certain modern novel, where the approach to Rome in a railway train is described by one with whose dreams the city had often mingled, and the thrill produced by hearing the station porters shouting "Roma" is recorded. Some such impression as this came across me when I first saw the fair spires of that city whose name is connected with the great in all ages of British History—the intellectual birth-place of so many of England's authors, statesmen, and ecclesiastics, the Mecca towards which, with its twin sister Cambridge, my own thoughts had turned for so many years.

I naturally felt lonely at first, but after one or two friendly calls, I soon began to feel myself at home, and now, in my second term, seem to be quite an old stager. The life here is very pleasant, and consists roughly of three sides, the intellectual, the social, and athletic. The first, of course, is composed mainly of lectures (which generally take place in the morning) and private study. The second is realised in the constant intercourse with one's fellow students, in common breakfasts ("brecker"), the great meal for entertaining in Oxford, in bump-suppers, dinners, societies, clubs, etc. The third consists in the various games and forms of exercise usually indulged in at schools and colleges, and above all in boating—the University pastime *par excellence*.

It remains to expand slightly my account of each of these three.

In the first place the intellectual life. Of course in this connection one thinks most naturally of taking one's degree, and that should properly come first. It is possible, to take two kinds of degree, a pass or an honours, and the system of study will vary accordingly. Many honoursmen will stay at the 'Varsity for four years taking honours at Moderations ("Mods."), the second examination for which one has to enter, and also at "Greats"—the final "Exam.," but others will take honours at only one of these, and so stay for only three years, and three years, of course, is the usual period of residence for a "Passman." These Examinations are prepared for by means of lectures and private study. Lectures, as I have said, take place usually but not always in the morning. Private study is ordered according to the tastes as each individual, but it is rare for a man to work in the afternoon.

Passing to the social side it must be remarked that this is one of the main features and purposes of a University Education—scarcely secondary to the intellectual side. The University life rubs off the angles, and imparts a certain "tone" which it is difficult to describe or define. This is accomplished by the constant intercourse of the men with each other; by "feeding" in each others rooms, and constantly meeting in various ways. Talking about feeding, it may be repeated that breakfast is the great meal for entertaining in Oxford, though teas are often given and the day will frequently end with a pleasant "coffee" in some man's rooms. At meals such as breakfast and lunch, the entertainer does not provide everything, but each man's "commons" (his ordinary food) are sent to the room where he is expected as a guest. Groceries, extras, etc., are provided by the host. At hall dinner, at

which all students (in my own college) are expected to be present at least four times a week, a curious custom, termed "sconcing" exists. This means that if a man breaks certain rules—for instance, if he talks shop or slang, or makes a quotation, or is late, he may be sconced, *i.e.*, a large vessel or scone of beer is brought in, for which he must pay. The scone is passed round the table and it must not be put down on the table; of course teetotallers need not imbibe any of the luscious beverage. It is easy to see that the custom is sometimes useful in serving as a check. I will finish this section by giving a short list of the various slang terms in vogue—and they are many. The favourite slang termination is—*er*, which is affixed to the first part of any particular work. Thus breakfast—"breaker"; a man's sitting room and bedroom are his "sitter" and "bedder" respectively; exercise is rendered "ecker"; the Union Society is the "ugger"; the Oriental Café the "oriagger," and so on.

One feature, and on the whole a very wholesome one, of the 'Varsity life, is the distinction between the various terms and years of men. A Senior always takes precedence of a Junior. In his first term a man is considerably handicapped as to what he may or may not do, although he can have a very jolly time none the less. A first term man may not carry a walking stick, may not invite a Senior to his room for any regular meal, and throughout his first year is forbidden to "sport his oak," *i.e.*, to close-fasten the door of his room.

In reference to the athletic side of 'Varsity life, it need only be pointed out that boating is far and away the chief form of recreation. "Freshers" on their arrival are assiduously "tubbed," *i.e.*, taken out in the boats and gradually shouted and metaphorically kicked into good form. Just at present the "eights" are busy practising on the beautiful Isis, and any one who cares to take a walk on the tow path will there see the lighter side of this altogether charming life.

And certainly the life is a charming one. I must crave the indulgence of my readers for depicting it so poorly, but the great pressure of "Mods.," which is coming on in a few weeks for me, has rendered it impossible for me to bestow that care upon my account which I should have liked to. Another time, with the kind indulgence of your Editor, I may dwell longer on a theme which for me must have interests ever fresh and new.

FRANCIS JOHN Mc'L. DAY.

SALVE.



+ + +

Winter's done at last,
Snow, and sleet, and shivers;
Milder grows the blast,
Milder grow our livers.

Influenza's sway
Now deserts the papers;
Thrushes sing all day,
Starlings cut their capers.

Lyrics from the lane,
Carols from the thicket
Tell of Spring again,
Spring, and warmth, and cricket.

Lawn with daisies drest!
Poets sing your praises;
I should like you best,
Lawn, without the daisies!

Lush the grass and green,
Poets chant its beauty,
Sheer it, O machine,
Roller, do your duty!

Hence, oh hence away,
Fly to regions sadder!
You have had your day,
Poor inflated bladder.

Winds are soft and low,
Harder grows the wicket;
Brothers let us go
For to play at cricket!

E.S.S.

THE QUEST—A FRAGMENT.

* * *

And behold, I started on my quest—a quest which I have since learnt to consider to have been as vain as that of the alchemist for the philosopher's stone, as that of Japhet for his father, or as that of Diogenes for an honest man.

Not having completely lost the enthusiasm of youth and youthful importance, I set out with a considerable degree of

ardour, picturing to myself the success that should attend my efforts.

First then, since my courage was as yet high, I approached a grave and reverend signior, of whom I stood greatly in awe. "I have come," said I in a tentative way, "to ask if you could spare time to contribute to the magazine this time—just a short article?" "I have already offered an article to the Editor" came the reply, "but I am afraid that it is beyond the powers of your printer to set it up." "But something lighter," I hazarded, "something that they *could* print." All the professorial dignity of the H.U.C., all the magisterial severity of a County of J.P.'s were bent upon me from one pair of eyes. I fled ignominiously.

Trying to reconstruct my shattered resolves, I paced slowly down the corridor. I caught sight of a flying skirt. "Ah! the very thing I want! a nice light frothy effusion, all bubble and glitter, something to brighten up our sombre pages." I flew in pursuit, buttonholed the wearer of the skirt, and started, "I want an article for the magazine, it is absolutely necessary to have one from you, the want of enthusiasm displayed by students, especially woman-students, is disgraceful, absolutely disgraceful!" I paused for breath, and she smiled expansively, then rippled all over. "Me! me write an article? "Why, the Editor would use it for shaving papers, or return it 'Declined, without thanks;' Ask someone else." At duty's call," I began severely—"Duty! What is duty? Fare thee well," quoted a sepulchral voice behind me! but I had departed, for the bell had summoned me to class.

At interval I took up my task with renewed vigour. Coming from the Reading Room was a serious-minded student, armed with the philosophy of past ages, for, to speak studentwise, he had been worrying Mr. Hardy. "Now I shall get something solid," I promised myself. With due gravity I drew near, "I was wondering if you could furnish us with an article for this issue of the magazine, I know you write a good deal" (I knew nothing of the sort, but judicious flattery is rarely out of place). "I am exceedingly sorry, but really,—I am preparing a paper on 'The Adoption of Civilised Clothing by South Sea Islanders,' which I have to read before the Society for the Propagation of European Civilisation among the Heathen; then I have to address a Debating Society on 'The Attitude of the Schoolmen towards Reality,' and then —" "Then I gather that you have no time," I interrupted. "Well, yes, I think I may say that I have no time just at present; perhaps next

time." But I had caught sight of another possible contributor, "Miss Brown, I have been requested to ask you if you will contribute to the magazine," (my formula was becoming monotonous, but I had not enough energy left to alter it), "What Magazine?" "Our Magazine of course, the organ of the Hariley University College, of which you are a shining light." "Can't!" "Why not?" "Two much work, haven't got any time." "Now look here! whatever is the use of having a magazine, if students won't use the privilege of expressing their ideas in it?" "Haven't got any." "But they can't *all* have been educated out of you yet," I objected, "You are still young." "Can't! Don't bother."

By this time my ardour was reduced to a minimum. Snatches of a soirée game were floating through my head. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" "It's all for the good of the cause," I murmured to myself, as I timidly approached another student. This time I *will* get an article. "Mr. Robinson, *do* you think you could let me have an article for the magazine? Your articles have been accepted before, so you cannot plead the common excuse that it would serve the Editor for pipe-lights." "Willingly," he began, (I congratulated myself), "but" — "But me no buts, *please*." "Yes, but what with soirées and farces, and committee meetings and rehearsals, and things, I really don't think I could get one written in time." "And they all with one consent began to make excuse. I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. I have" — Crash! went my books on the floor, and I woke up with a start; my lamp had burned low, the fire still glowed deep red, with misty-formed shadows flitting across it, which to my sleep-dazed eyes seemed like the figures I had been pursuing, as elusive, as unsubstantial: and behold! it was a dream.

DEFESSA.

AN HISTORIC FRAGMENT.

* * *

THE recent discoveries at Clausentum have occasioned a search in the neighbourhood of the Stag Gates, where the following fragment has been unearthed, and transcribed into the vernacular.

" to pass in the first year of the reign of Sah-jhant Pstee-Venn Khol Liings, brave leader, mighty warrior,

and earnest devourer of Dhrill-Bhuks, that six days of arduous toil being ended, the two tribes—Se-Neorhs and Ju-Neorhs gathered themselves together in the Khoil i-jawl to tune their sweet and melodious voices to the sound of the psaltery and the harp ere they journeyed forth to battle. For had not messengers of the guard been sent throughout all the regions of Psow-Th'amp-Tun, yea, even unto Synd-Ennies, Paw-Tz-wood, Pshur-Leh, Phream-Antul, Whuls-Tun, Fits-You, and Eece-T-Lee, saying "Come all ye men of valour, assemble ye in the noble courts of the Hah-te-leh, and make ye ready to go forth to the Dhril-awl.

Then came every man according to his tribe; and among these illustrious ones were those of Pom-Pé (Noy-Se-Kru).

And there were men of Llund-Un (a Mbott-Leh Ghang); a dweller from Tchell-Tnam (a Lleadah oph Mayls). And there were some from all civilised parts—and from Whales (a Barber-Us Bhande), from Whyd-Eniz and other cities, No-Twurth-Men-Shning, did they come.

And the names of the tribes were Se-Neorh and Ju-Neorh Rek-Roots, and their numbers were as sand upon the Quest-Urnsh-Aw, and as the Vennty-Llait-Erz in the Hyssd-Ree-Khlas-Rume.

And verily they did come, both great and small, from the mighty giant Lheess-Un, whose height was six cubits and a span, to the gentle youth Bhobbz, who did lack the cubits but was Awlriht.

Then cried the Sah-Jhant with a loud voice 'Phaw-Lyn,' and lo! they were smitten with fear, and there fell upon the ears of the multitude an awful and tremendous sound like unto the tramping of many feet as they came to their leader, and unto the face of the multitude which was gathered together. But at the sound of the trumpet the courage of some did fail, and they did flee into the country. Then behold as they were Lin-Dup the voice of Pstee-Venn thundered forth, saying "Wherefore have ye girded on your khaki and your puttees, your swords and your frogs, but have sought to depart from my word in the matter of your head-gear? Ye were commanded to wear hats that do slouch, yet some do appear in Phorridge-Khapz." And behold the evil-doers looked abashed, and were exceeding ashamed.

Then spake the Kapp-Tin of the Ghaahd concerning those who in their fear had fled. "I do perceive that ye are not all here; it Seemster me ye know not How 'ard it will be to Gayne the day. Notwithstanding, quit ye like men."

And some of the Ju-Neorh tribe gnashed even with their teeth and said within themselves (this portion of the narrative is indecipherable—Transl^r.) “for they also would have fled even down to the sea-shore, but that they feared the wrath of their Sah-Jhant. Thus it chanced that the Rek-Rhoots did pass from the precincts of the Khol-Ij through the main street of the city, amid much men and maidens. Then did they journey through the chief gate of the city (which is the Bahr-Gayte), even unto the Dhril-awl. And as they passed out was heard above the noise of the people their parting cry:—

Mhyd khampe phyrze gleeh-mying,
Mhyd schott tande schelle,

(Here undoubtedly the feelings of the scribe so overcame him that words failed, and so the M.S. concludes—Transl^r.)

EASAL.

SOME BRIEF NOTES ON A CERTAIN HUMAN FACE.

• • •

It has recently fallen to my lot to be present at rehearsals of amateur theatricals in which several estimable ladies and gentlemen of the College have participated. At these I was often struck most forcibly by the fact that the ordinary face has an almost infinite capacity for permutation of expressions. One face especially appealed to us on many occasions as having immense possibilities.

It was not a fine face, nor a particularly handsome one, but it seemed that all things in the contortion line were possible to it.

The owner of it at first was contented with longitudinal expressions and grimaces formed by lowering the corners of the mouth and raising the eye-brows. To this the ladies who acted with him eventually became accustomed, in fact they could look at the face for quite a minute without extraordinary perturbation; but one evening, the owner discovered a whole new range of fantastic contortions, he discovered its horizontal possibilities. With what glee he awaited an opportune moment. No one smiled, and even ladies with a strong predilection for hysterics gazed on the face without giggling. Suddenly it broke into a sea of transverse ripples. Tremulous sine-curves quivered along the lips, most whimsical dimples were revealed in cheek and brow, the nose became tantalising,

the eye bewildering, till the ladies, fascinated at first, then finally overcome, burst into storms of laughter. The face became normal again, but a proud heart beat within the owner's bosom. Here was a whole new world of possessions, the horizontal possibilities of one's face.

In time however these became stale, and the master of the face went further abroad on empirical speculation. I know not whether he practised at home before a mirror, but at all events he came one evening with the light of victory in his eye. We knew he had discovered something fresh, and we waited expectantly. It soon came, a combination of vertical and horizontal quiverings. One eye became a circle, the other an oblong; one side of the mouth sneered, the other laughed; one cheek became a mountain, the other a valley; the broad brow took on the dark furrows of age. I know not how he did it: I was satisfied to watch it, then to laugh until the tears came. I wish I could work my face like a puppet show, and detach it from my soul as this man can.

One night the face endeavoured (and succeeded to some extent), to laugh on one side and weep on the other. It was most disconcerting as you may imagine. At length however it settled down to fairly constant expressions, and the ladies after much gazing at it, became sufficiently used to it to look upon it without losing self control. At times however, an original ripple broke out upon it like a new charm, and I am sure we did not exhaust the whole of its possibilities.

In conclusion, it would be interesting to arrange a friendly tournament between this face and our Mathematical Professor's Harmonograph. Such a competition would take a very long time no doubt, as I believe both could permute their expressions infinitely. Nevertheless I would back the face. By-the-bye, you would probably like to know to whom this remarkable countenance belongs. Here I will be mute. Guess, oh reader!

'OPKINS.



THE DIARY OF A WOMAN STUDENT.

* * *

Monday. Rose just before second gong. Came down late to breakfast, and was rewarded, in consequence, by cold bacon. College at 9 a.m. till 1 o'clock. Much puzzled by Spencer's Educational theories. Made great progress in French—copied down fable for sixth time, and recited it in concert. Wasted my time as usual over elementary Mathematics. Cannot understand why the Principal does not recognise my mathematical ability and have me appointed as Assistant Lecturer. Dinner at 1.30—roast hare.

Lectures as usual in the afternoon. Console myself by the hope of cake for tea. This hope disappointed—"jam" instead. Commence study at 6. Work all study time and till 12.30, at Problem Paper. Retire at 1 a.m.

Tuesday. Get up when called, in accordance with frequently made resolutions. Recall the proverb that "Virtue is its own reward."

Study from 7.30 a.m. till 7.45. Revise six reigns of History and continue Problem Paper. Morning passed at College as usual. Gratified by references made by Professors to last Farce.

At dinner much shocked by the lamentable ignorance of a G.E.S. Student who asked for the C O₂—meaning the water.

Practical Work in the afternoon at College. Manage to obtain praise on account of my first correct experiment. Cake for tea—with sugar on top. Animated contest at tea-table in making grimaces. Renew study of Problem Paper till supper-time. Unable to resume it after on account of Indignation Meeting in Study. Bed at 10.30.

Wednesday. Again rose immediately on being called. Feel very happy. Quote from James's Psychology to room-mates, as to the keeping alive of a habit by "gratuitous exercise every day." Studied Chemistry for 10 minutes before breakfast.

College at 9 a.m. or thereabouts. Cannot attend to lectures owing to excitement at Bedroom Feast in honour of M.'s birthday. It is to be held at 10.30 p.m. in Room No. 1046. Dinner at 1.30. "Seccotine" for second course. Jam for tea. Problem Paper in the evening.

Thursday. Last night's feast a great success. Feel rather ill this morning. Did not get up till second gong. College at 9.45, and lectures as usual. Had a very "staying pudding" for dinner.

Studied all the afternoon—Problem Paper. Lecture by Professor X. at College on "Some new facts about Radium." Would have liked to go, but dared not neglect Problem Paper. Concert in No. 1046 at 10.15 p.m. Nellie B. thinks she can sing, but her upper notes—!! I flatter myself I have a better voice than she has. Greatly fear being reported owing to noise of N.'s singing. Luckily, we're rather isolated in our room.

Friday. Parcel from home this morning with my new blouse for the Soirée to-morrow. Very pleased with blouse. It is made of pale blue crêpe de soie, with a yoke of tangerine coloured satin, veiled with écru lace. Intend wearing a "chou" of cerise coloured ribbon with it. All the girls are jealous, of course, but so much the better.

Gave in Problem Paper this morning. Was unable to attempt three questions on it.

Drill this evening, followed by Physical Culture and Debate. The latter was better than usual. Mr.— was quite eloquent on the Russo-Japanese War.

Saturday. Soirée to-day. Hope Mr.— will be there. Unable to decide whether to wear my green skirt with my new blouse, or not.

Examined in Music this morning, and suffered considerable agony in consequence. Still, I can't have done worse than Nellie B. did.

Dinner at 1.30—liver and bacon.

Had permission to use our bedrooms in the afternoon, so went up and began to get ready for to-night. Came down to tea with hair in curlers. Soirée at 6. No one there at 6 o'clock. Farce a great success. Mr.— congratulated me on looking so well. Chartered car at 10.30—2d. to pay. Buns and milk at the Hostel. Had a row with M. before going to bed. Hope she'll be better-tempered to-morrow.

AUNTIE.

A DREAM. ❧ ❧

+ + +

"It's no good at all; somehow I cannot work this evening." Simpkins got up from his study and pulling out his watch, slammed down his book with the remark—"An hour to supper time; I'll go for a stroll. Perhaps I shall feel more fit for work then."

At the best of times Simpkins was not what one would call an amiable individual, and on an evening such as this—an evening which the Northerners find so detrimental to their vaunted energy, and which the Southerners try to persuade themselves is not relaxing—everything seemed to dissatisfy him. He had few—one might say no friends, for the simple reason that he sought none. He was not reserved—far from it. He was one of those persons, who, although not of Welsh descent, have a fairly good opinion of themselves, and he thought that his especial privilege in this life was to grumble at everybody and everything, whilst at the same time he was not reluctant to give utterance to the opinion that people, and especially students, ought to be perfectly content.

Placing the "Little Red Cap" upon his head—how out of place it seemed without the happy healthy expression which is so characteristic of the wearers of the "Red"—Simpkins sauntered forth. He did not seem to care very much where he went. The nocturnal beauty of the common had no charm for him, and a stroll down the High street was as wearisome to him as most things. Not heeding therefore whither he went, he at length found himself at the entrance to the College. "I may as well spend half-an-hour in the library," he thought, and so pushing open the door he entered the building, which for most is associated with the happiest hours they have ever spent, but which only reminded Simpkins of drudgery and toil.

A group of students was intently studying the list of people whom the Principal wished to see the next day, but not heeding them, he climbed the stairs and entered the library. There his eyes fell upon the notice, "Talking strictly prohibited," "Quite right too," he muttered, "Why should they be allowed to talk up here—they've got their common rooms." So thinking, he flung himself wearily into a chair, and the combined influences of the relaxing atmospheric conditions, and the dull silence of the surroundings soon lulled him to repose, and his thoughts were "nursed in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Holy Rood clock was striking. All around was thick black darkness. Had the caretaker turned out the lights and not noticed him? He got up, and groping his way along, he at length reached the door, but no sooner had he touched it than with a gasp he rushed back again, stumbling over chairs and tables. "What a fool I am," he muttered. "I must have been mistaken." Tremblingly he once more groped his way to the door. Yes, there it was—a ghost. There was no mistaking it. Standing about half-way up the third flight of stairs, it seemed as though it was waiting for someone. Making up his mind to rush out of the building, Simpkins flung open the door, leaped down the two flights of stairs, and reached the entrance, only to find the door bolted. He glanced over his shoulder—half in fright—yes, the same ghostly form was slowly, but majestically, descending the stairs. Rushing by the stairs—round into the men's corridor, he ran wildly into the Common Room. Almost exhausted, he flung himself into the nearest chair, but hardly had he done so when the door opened, and, once more, the apparition stood before the trembling Simpkins. He shrank back, and, seeing no chance of escape, for the ghost stood with its back to the door, the frightened youth asked—"What do you want with me?" "Simpkins," asked the ghost in a deep, sepulchral voice, "what do you want here? Why did you come to College?" "To study," answered Simpkins. "Is that the only reason?" enquired the same voice. "Y-yes," came the trembling answer. "Simpkins, why don't you be a man—why don't you pull with your fellows?" "I - er - er - do," Simpkins feebly responded. "What!" said the ghost in even a deeper voice than before, making the poor, unfortunate Simpkins start back with a shudder—"why did you not sign the petition against the new library rule? Why did you refuse to sign the half-term holiday petition, though you were pleased to get the holiday? Is that pulling with your fellows? Why do you look upon this Common Room as satisfactory when everybody thinks it is disgracefully insufficient? Why do you say fellows are only anxious to serve on Committees because it affords opportunity of getting more into the women's society? Why do you think your fellows ought to be satisfied with the Musuem for business transactions? Is this the object of your College career? Simpkins, be a man!" The ghost took a step towards its victim, and Simpkins shrunk back. "Simpkins," again said the ghost, whilst yet a little nearer it approached the unfortunate youth, who by this time had got into the furthest corner of the room—"Simpkins, make better use of College life." Slowly it came, nearer and nearer to him, and with uplifted hand and

once more repeating "Simpkins, be a man!" it brought down the hand upon his shoulder—and Simpkins woke. "You must not talk in the library." It was the librarian standing over him with one hand on his shoulder and the other outstretched, pointing to the notice "Talking strictly prohibited." "Bother the notice!" said Simpkins, and, getting up, he walked out of the room, determined, as he rushed down the stairs, to take his place henceforth among his fellows.

"A DREAMER."

THE CHEAP LITTLE ONION.

v v v

Cynon Llanllelhd Cerryg. ... Welsh Hare.

There's a dear little plant, we all know it well;
 'Twas a Welshman himself that once ate it.
 He ate it at camp, and because of its smell,
 His camp mates will never forget it.
 It smelt thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the dales,
 So they called it the cheap little onion of Wales.
 The cheap little onion, the sweet, sweet spring onion,
 The sweet-smelling, tear-drawing onion of Wales.
 Now the Welshmen themselves call this dear plant a leek,
 "But what's in a name?" says the poet;
 Call it just what you like, you get the same reek,
 By the smell of the thing ye shall know it.
 It smells thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the dales,
 So keep far away from these onions of Wales.
 These cheap little onions, these sweet, sweet spring onions,
 These sweet-smelling, tear-drawing onions of Wales.
 Never come to our Common Room on March the First,
 For you'd think you were all in a pig-sty.
 Believe me, those onions are heartily curst,
 Oh! we're pleased when that day has gone by;
 For they smell thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the dales,
 Still, Germany honoured the onion of Wales.
 The cheap little onion, the sweet, sweet spring onion,
 The sweet-smelling, tear-drawing onion of Wales.

ONE LUNG.

A GREAT MOUSTACHE.

+ + +

Most men have, at some period or other, a mania for developing certain demonstrations on their upper lips, and Bowser was no exception to the rule. Now Bowser had observed that these demonstrations were many in kind, in hue, and in texture. There seemed to be all kinds and conditions of moustaches, nevertheless, his prospective moustache should be the moustache of the era. Yes, it should be a real, visible, tangible moustache. Oh! how the world would wonder! How handsome it would make him. Yes, he would grow a moustache. Henceforward that upper lip should be sacred ground. Already it contained the substance of things hoped for. Patiently he awaited the day when he could demonstrate it to the world as proudly as a Welshman bears his leek.

Meanwhile the weeds grew apace. I mean Bowser's moustache developed rapidly; so did Bowser's vanity. 'His' moustache was finer than Brown's—of course it was. Softer than Alec's,—rather! More golden than Burt's—must be, for Burt's was black. Oh! yes, it was 'the' moustache! He fondled it lovingly, and trimmed it tenderly, morning, noon, and night, with the result that finally he possessed a visible bunch of bristles, which stood forth unconsciously protesting to the world, 'This is a moustache!'—and the world noticed it, of course. People called it a 'moustache.' 'Moustache' was the generally accepted term for such atrocities. What else could it be called, if politeness was to be taken into consideration. Bowser was told that—oh! what wasn't he told? He got sick of hearing it all. Gradually he saw that his upper lip was the object of all the sarcastic darts of his friends. He could not bear sarcasm, and sarcasm directed at that cherished plantation, well! it was insufferable. "It must come off," said he. "Besides I look handsomer without it; again, it harbours microbes. Ugh! it shall come off." Out came the horrid blade. A few moments, and the deed was done. The moustache, with its attendant vanity, had disappeared. The changed Bowser went to College. His top lip accompanied him as usual. Why, then, did the students gaze at it so critically? Why did the Professor walk up to him in order to greet him as a new student? Ah, why? "We often fail to recognise our nearest friends when they are shorn." At least, the Professor said so. And Bowser—well, he is recovering from the shock.

TATCHO.

TO MY FAVOURITE BRIAR.

+ + +

Companion of my solitude and thought,
 Whilst to my lips I hold thee with delight,
 No cankering care my happiness can blight.
 Thy fragrant breath, with contemplation fraught,
 Which round me in rich grey-blue wreaths is wrought,
 In sweet nepenthe soothes my sterner soul,
 And frees my fettered fancy from control,
 To shape its airy images unsought.
 O thou whose breath like incense rare ascends,
 A golden censer is thy tawny bowl!
 I count thee 'mongst my intimatest friends.
 Can I enough thy virtues kind extol?
 Nay: but thy spirit I will kindle still,
 Thou'rt cold my friend? Come, thee to thee I fill!

JEAN NICOT.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

+ + +

WE beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of:—
 (1) *Sotoniensis*, the magazine of King Edward VI's Grammar School, for Christmas, 1904, (2) *The Northerner*, from the Armstrong College, Durham, (3) *The Dragon*, a magazine supported by members of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, (4) *The Phoenix*, the magazine of the Royal College of Science, and the Royal School of Mines, (5) *The Sphinx*, the University of Liverpool Students' Magazine, (6) *The Students' Magazine* of the Royal Albert Memorial College, Exeter.

Sotoniensis consists mainly of school news, but in addition to reports of football matches and other notes of private interest and interpretation, it contains an article by Mr. G. E. Pitt, on "Read More and Play Less," and a short story, entitled "The Remittance Man," by Mr. Edwin Hughes. Mr. Pitt urges the claims of reading, enlarges upon its charms as a recreation, and maps out a useful course drawn from the works of the great historical novelists. Mr. Hughes writes, after the manner of Ralf Boldrewood, a story of the Australian Bush. Within its ten pages it contains more improbabilities than will usually be found in a six-shilling novel, or a financial newspaper.

The Northerner presents its readers with an excellent portrait of Sir Isambard Owen, the new Principal of the Armstrong College. Among the articles is a short appreciation of Walter Pater—one of the most perfect of modern writers of English—which is worthy of note. It breathes an air of fervid admiration; yet we have never heard Walter Pater's severest critic, or his worst enemy, estimate his soul at so low a rate as does the author of this panegyric, when he says "In the works of Pater we find his soul indelibly written in every sentence." One of the Northern day training students has been aggrieved by the castigation which he received at a criticism lesson. He writes at such length, and with such vigour, that the editor prints nothing of his letter save the concluding aphorism—"A body when the soul leaves it is either a corpse or a critic." May we reverently inquire what a critic will become at the resurrection?

The Dragon has just reached a notable stage in its existence. After completing twenty-six volumes and starting a twenty-seventh under professorial guidance, it has passed under the full control of the Students' Council. The present (January) issue is the first number of the magazine managed entirely by students. The committee of management consists of eleven representatives, of whom three form the "Editorial Board." We heartily congratulate the new Editor on an admirable publication, and we envy him his twenty-three pages of advertisements. Most of the articles are serious in tone, and the magazine is all the better for that. We have no sympathy with those who think that the main function of a college magazine is to revive the fallen spirits of those who habitually fail in examinations. Among the excellent contents of this number is a fragment of a lecture by Dr. Jethro Brown. Under the suggestive title of "Between the Deil and the Deep Sea," he draws an effective contest between the evils of Cæsarism and the perils of Democracy. Dr. Brown seems to think that the dangers of popular government, and of the triumph of the spirit of liberty, are more apparent than real; but there are not wanting acute observers of present day tendencies who ask somewhat apprehensively what possible hope there will be if democracy proves to be a failure, what possible escape from the tyranny of the People.

The Phoenix gives currency to the plaint which seems to be wrung at some time or other from the souls of the editors of all college magazines. "It devolves on every man (it runs), if he would have 'the rag' a success, not merely to stand idle and grumble should it not suit his taste, but to do something to assist it. The magazine is not intended to be run by three

hard-worked members—the Editor, Sub-Editor, and Secretary, but to be controlled by the students, and filled with their literary contributions, to be a means of airing their grievances, if such exist, and of creating a common interest in matters collegiate." The lady correspondent of the magazine sends an amusing note on that great, indeterminate, and undateable vacation—wholly unrecognised in the college calendar, but taken for granted by all professors and lecturers—in which the student does general reading, refers to original papers, revises, makes up arrears, and in other ways corrects the errors of the term, and supplies its deficiencies.

The Sphinx contains a portrait of Major Donald Ross, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Tropical Medicine in the Liverpool University. Major Ross's researches here proved to be of inestimable value to European residents in West Africa, and other regions near the equator. There is among the miscellaneous contributions, a very well written, and interesting article, entitled "The Anarchist at Home." It gives an account of a visit paid in Paris to a revolutionary meeting, at which the famous Louise Michel gave an address. The notorious "Vierge Rouge" is described as "a quiet-looking old lady, dressed soberly in black," and as one who had the "peaceable and chastened look of a bible woman." But when she began to speak, how soon the bible woman illusion vanished!

The Exeter Students' Magazine consists, as usual, mainly of reports and items of college news; but it has two articles worthy of attention. The first, entitled "Exeter under the Two Roses," gives a sketch of the history of Exeter during the 15th and 16th centuries. The other deals with "The Best Course of Study to pursue with a view to becoming a Pictorial or Decorative Artist."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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Ignis: writes a fiery letter in which in lambent language he expresses his feelings with regard to the Men's Common Room. He terms it "a filthy hole," speaks of "the disgraceful way in which it is looked after," animadverts upon the behaviour of some of the "inmates," (as though it were a workhouse or an asylum), criticises the committee of management, objects to being compelled to go into it to fetch his letters, and shows generally that he regards it as a modern model of the extinct Cities of the

Plain. We should be glad to receive further communication on this important matter.

R.C.T.: the author of the verses "Little Red Cap," which appeared in our last issue, disputes the accuracy of the editorial note which was appended to his poem. He contends that the marone coloured cloth of which it is made, is, poetically speaking, "red"; that the purple cord with which it is fringed, is, poetically speaking, "blue"; and that the very largest cap, is, poetically speaking, "little," when compared with a Newmarket hat or similar headgear. "It is a matter of considerable doubt," he urges, "whether an accurate description is aimed at in verse." His opinion, it is sufficient to say, is not shared by the author of the poems which appear daily in the London Press on the subject of Mr. Hinde's commodities. They are most precise.

Distressed: writing from Bevis Mount House, offers a piteous appeal to the Editor to suggest some remedy for the "caterwauling," which, it appears, is frequently "a source of great annoyance to some of the inhabitants of Lodge Road," between the hours of 10 and 11 p.m. Before we can suggest a remedy we must be furnished with a more detailed description of the evil to be remedied. The term "caterwauling" is used in two senses. On the one hand it means the melancholy wailing or the infuriated howling of the *felidæ*, on the other it connotes the practising of "songs for female voices." These two evils are practically indistinguishable in their operation, yet they spring from different causes and require distinct remedies.

Domesticated: asks for a recipe for "a delicacy sometimes supplied to woman students" and called "Tombstones." If it is already in use at the Hostels, surely the recipe is known. We refer our correspondent to the cook in the Hostel in which she happens to dwell. For the general information of our readers we wish, however, to say that it is not customary in modern times to rob grave-yards in order to provide the ingredients for this dish. That was done very generally in the Middle Ages, with the result that one rarely finds in any grave-yard a tombstone older than the 17th century. Now-a-days it is found simpler to contract with a monumental mason to supply all his granite chippings. A ton of these is worked up with double the quantity of molten lead, and the product is allowed to set.

Member of the Council: wishes to know the meaning of the term "the more responsible professors," which he has heard used on several public occasions lately. We believe that the term is at present "unofficial," but it may be taken to refer to those professors who have no assistants to relieve them of the more arduous portions of their duties, and in particular to those who have to do work in departments other than those over which they preside.

Landlady: dictates a letter from the Borough Infirmary to say that she tried the recipe for calves foot jelly which we gave last term, but that unfortunately, the calf she got was a bull rather too old, and she attempted to soothe it not with a concertina, but with a pectanophone, and that the consequences were disastrous. She adds that the doctors hold out hope of her ultimate recovery, and she promises that, if she is spared, she will in future, adhere more closely to our directions.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

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THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

THE Annual Prize Distribution was held on Feb. 9th, when once again all of those people who go to make up our noble College—Governors, Professors, and Students—assembled for their annual mutual-congratulation ceremony. The Hall was festively decorated to set off appropriately the élite of the south gathered together under its roof.

The period of waiting between advertised and actual time of commencement passed quickly and smoothly, the hand delighting the company with such admirable selections as "Little Mary," and so forth. The peers, above in their lonely glory, responded with other tasteful ditties, such as "Bluebell" and "'Liza, let go," while the peeresses, in solitary splendour opposite, gave utterance to sympathetic laughter. Some of the spectators in the arena below looked scornful, but the majority appreciated the students' point of view.

The College Professors, as is their custom, came decked out in the glorious finery heaped upon them by their various universities. The Principal, in a clear and eloquent speech, gave his report, adding a few words on the past, present, and future of the College. Want of space, however, forbids a eulogistic account of the several speeches of the evening. They were adorned, it is needless to say, with all the flowers of eloquence and wit. Also, we may not set forth in tabular form the names of prize winners and their corresponding prizes and prices of prizes. Suffice it to say that Sir John Thorneycroft being unable, through illness, to present the prizes, His Grace the Duke of Wellington worthily performed that onerous task.

Students, as a rule, do not appreciate speeches. Familiarity, may be, breeds contempt; for a speech, after all, is but a glorified lecture on general topics. Students, too, are like curious children, frankly critical.

Speeches at prize-givings, though often admirable, generally lack that final, exquisite flavour which the quick tongue of the student, keen in repartee, can give them. The night of Feb. 9th was essentially a student's night. Speakers owed their finest impromptus to the inspiration of his *sotto voces*, and the people in the arena, their merriment, to the nonsense that fell from the lips of those irresistible critics above. "More grace," suggested someone on one occasion. "Rules is rules," was the battle-cry. Money and grants are essentials of student life, and at the very names of these rare symbols being mentioned, the balconies shook with cheers, and the faces of the peeresses beamed.

Students invariably see the humorous side of all things. One remembers how that the students of his Alma Mater greeted Tennyson, who, looking bored and weary, had gone up on one occasion to receive an honorary degree from his University, with "Did they wake and call him early."

Students always discover the wit underlying names. With trembling limbs and downcast heads the prize-winners, "martyrs of the arena," tottered towards the rostrum, fearful for the castigation of the unmerciful lips above. On each was pronounced a doom. "Of so much fame in Coll. expect thy meed." One gentleman was told that "we shan't be long"; another that somebody had "made up his mind to sail away." "Rowe, brothers, Rowe," came in for loud cheers. One person with a rather unfortunate name received feline flatteries, a degenerate form no doubt of musical honours. Another was asked if he was the genuine Bill, if so, would he *please* go 'ome.

"Little Mary," the speeches, and the prize-giving over, the crowd dispersed through the various corridors to the laboratories, where samples of elementary scientific work were displayed to the best effect. Singing flames twittered; Hydrogen Phosphide circled and stank; a miniature fountain sprayed owing to Graham's Law of Gaseous Diffusion and the small boy who worked it; induction coils manufactured lightning, noise, and ozone; a wonderful thing with wobbly legs plotted beautiful curves; sugar became charcoal; Mr. Laishley having previously arranged to blow soap bubbles, discovered at the last moment that such amusement was somewhat puerile for such a big lad as he is, so he did not blow them; green, enthusiastic, young scientists became dirty in the workshops for the delectation of haughty matrons and tripping maidens; horrid things and beautiful squirmed, or did not squirm, under the microscope; the indefatigable boy of the Biological Laboratory sliced up organisms galore into an infinite number of sections to show how it is done; and finally, beautiful, old prints reposed in dejected attitudes on the Library tables, to be fingered gently by those who ventured to enter into that abode of awful calm and silence empyreal. So passed the Prize-giving and Conversation of February 9th.

W.F.P.

THE SOIRÉES OF THE TERM.

THE first of these was the Second Annual Soirée of the Students' Union, given on Feb. 11th.

This soir   went with quite an unusual swing; perhaps this was partly accounted for by the fact that acting has been revived, after being allowed to drop for nearly two years. In the highly successful farce, "A Regular Fix," Miss Rowe, Miss Ward, Mr. Herrman, and Mr. Rowe, made a most creditable d  but. Misses Morley and Mason, Messrs. Pescod, Farrant,

Leeson, and Mills, also acted with considerable spirit. The complications arising from the extravagant tendencies of Mr. Hugh de Brass (Mr. Herrman), and his final release from embarrassment through the death of a distant relative, afforded much amusement.

A new feature was introduced in the programme,—a competition in "Musical Consequences," for which Miss Aubrey kindly played: the songs and titles were exceedingly well chosen, and formed a very amusing sequence.

The directors of the games excelled themselves on this occasion: the old games, of which we had grown tired, gave place to such amusing competitions as affixing the Chinaman's pigtail, doll-dressing for men, and so on. The dance programme was, as usual, well arranged.

The second soirée was given on March 4th, by the non-residential students to the Residentials. An excellent selection was given by the Male Voice Choir, and met with much appreciation.

Our newly discovered amateur actors gave a second farce on this occasion, the well-known "My Lord in Livery." Mr. Herrman and Mr. Rowe fully sustained their reputation, and Misses Rowe, Mason, Pearson, and Messrs. Pescod and French acted admirably. Mr. Herrman as a young scapegrace, and Mr. Rowe as an elderly gentleman of decided character, have found parts admirably suited to them. The minuet, danced very gracefully by Miss Rowe and Mr. Herrman, testified to the pains which had been expended on the farce.

Dancing and games were also very successful: Mr. Mills and Mr. Ryde were efficient M.C.'s in the dancing room; much fun and merriment was occasioned in the games room by "drawing from the antique" and potato racing.

B.B.

HOSTEL ECHOES.

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THE Hostel scribe has to chronicle among the doings of this Term, events of such a miscellaneous character as Soirées and Problem Papers, Debates and Ear-tests, Birthdays and "Crits," Supernatural Visitations and Half Term Holidays.

To begin at the end, of course one of the chief events was Half Term. Though we had petitioned the Senate for it, we none of us expected it.

Our "Evenings out" have since Christmas been more numerous than usual. Of course it was the duty of *all students* to come to the Thursday Evening Lectures at College; and we came out of very loyalty.

With regard to Chorals, be it noticed that we of the "Abode of Bliss" do not confine our efforts exclusively to Saturday evenings. Early and late one hears the sweet strains of the piano in numerous ear-tests. Of course all Normals will appreciate the reason for this. Select practices are also held in some of the bedrooms at that "witching hour of night"—10.30 p.m.

One room boasts of a famous musician whose musical taste is decidedly original, and the long suffering occupants of the said room are charmed to slumber by the melodious strains of that lovely little lyric:—

"Little birdie on the tree,"

or by the equally lovely song of which the chorus runs—

"To be a farmer's bo-o-o-oy,
To be a farmer's boy."

As a matter of fact, night seems to be the favourite time for most outbreaks, but we are glad to say that one very serious cause of disturbance has ceased—the Duchess no longer visits us. This is probably owing to the fact that our intelligences have been awakened and our fears quelled, by those articles in the Magazine on the past history of the Hostel.

We are very glad to be able to take this opportunity to thank the Principal and non-residential students for the very pleasant evening they gave us on March 4th. We are afraid that they did not gain a very good impression of our gratitude from our feeble attempts at applause on the eventful night, but critics will please remember that we have not had so much practice in the gentle art of "Hooray-ing" as our "brothers" of the intellectual sex, and they will kindly judge us accordingly.

We enjoyed the farce very much, and we marvelled at the minuet.

Time and space alike fail us now, or we could speak of the hopes and fears of "Crits," the joys of receiving good testimonials, the martyrdom we suffer at the hands of possessors of albums, the craze for small photographs (Gentlemen, beware!) all of which have been manifest this term among us.

But there is one thing we must not omit. Come closer, oh friends! and hear the whispered wonder! *We have birthdays!* we repeat it, *We have birthdays!* We also have fathers who have *birthdays*, and as 33 birthday celebrations in one year is not nearly enough, we celebrate our fathers' birthdays as well as our own.

FROM OUT THE DEN.

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EVEN common men students will soon be driven to seek the quay.

AN ingenious commoner who will undoubtedly become a great lawyer, has discovered that the rule forbidding conversation in the library does not prohibit the playing of whist and chess there. He suggests that these games be transferred to the library, and returned to the common room only when it is not closed for cleaning.

THE vegetable show on March 1st, left a peculiarly savoury odour about the College. The common room stove fairly "hummed"—"A Welsh Hare," as Mac, has it.

WE wonder if Prof. Chapple's present students bring Spanish onions to College in their buttonholes.

THE subtle connection between alcohol and a certain simple salt is a subject fit for profound investigation in the laboratory. Commoners find a human interest in it.

WHEN the Day Training grants were issued the "Cheerful Idiot" bought a new joke. The M.C.R. is still suffering from it.

"HORSE HOLDER."

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES.

* * *

THE best thanks of the committee are due to the following friends:—Mrs. Bland, for her third annual gift of a College group; also to Professor Eustice, Mr. Burnand and Mr. Paton-Moore for a useful, and at the same time, ornamental letter-rack, and for other work they have so kindly done for us. The Committee also have been busy; the result of their industry is seen in new curtains and pretty red cushion covers.

RUMOURS—vague rumours, it is true—have been heard that a Common Room Library is about to be started, and that students who are alas! soon to depart, are going to leave parting gifts in the shape of books. I am sure next year's Committee would be delighted to see a bookshelf with a few good books, filling up at least part of one wall. The bareness which has been caused by the recent removal of a few pictures would then be remedied.

THE C.R. has been put to many uses in the course of its history, but never before has it been used for histrionic rehearsing. Under skilful management of actors it has been made to assume the appearance of—"A Lawyer's Drawing Room," "A Ladies' Sitting Room," and "A Servant's Hall."

SOME of our members started an Amateur Carpentering Society, which used to commence at 3 o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Very creditable work was turned out by these young enthusiasts while the "fit of energy" lasted. These meetings however did not continue.

LASTLY, it is pleasing to note that our room has been visited recently by certain distinguished gentlemen, and that highly satisfactory remarks were passed then on its appearance (Ahem! men).

"DEBORAH."

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

* * *

A SERIES of very interesting papers have been read before this Society lately.

On December 6th, Dr. Cavers gave a lecture on "Enzymes." About fifty of these ferments have been isolated. They are divided into four classes. The first contains those, such as diastase, which act on carbohydrates; the second class act on proteids; the third on oils; while the function of the fourth is that of oxidation. The discussion of some theories as to the constitution of enzymes brought this interesting lecture to an end.

On January 24th, the Borough Analyst, Mr. J. Brierley, F.C.S., gave a lecture on "The Practical Application of Chemistry to Calico Printing." The lecturer began by commenting on the antiquity of the art of calico printing, basing his remarks on a reference in Pliny. He then mentioned the main groups into which the chemist and calico printer respectively

classify dyes. In conclusion Mr. Brierley spoke of the gradual displacement of the older animal and vegetable colours by the Coal Tar Colours.

Miss E. M. Rowe gave a paper on "Carbon Assimilation of Plants," on February 14th. Miss Rowe first shewed that carbon is the chief constituent of plants, and that practically the whole of this carbon is assimilated from the air in the form of carbon dioxide. The process of assimilation by the leaves was detailed with some theories as to the chemical changes involved. The paper was abundantly illustrated by experiments and diagrams.

On February 28th, Mr. S. W. Smith, B.Sc., A.R.S.M., read a paper on "Gold, from Mine to Mint." The paper opened by a description of the primitive methods employed in gold digging in Australia and California in the early fifties. After mentioning some guides in prospecting, he went on to describe some mining processes; the stamp-battery, vanners, and the cyanide process. The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

W.E.F.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

* * *

LAST term's programme was completed with a debate on Chinese Labour, when Mr. Hemmings, and his ardent political supporter, Mr. Laishley, failed to convince the House that Yellow Labour on the Rand was beneficial to all concerned, but on the other hand suffered a severe defeat at the hands of Mr. H. S. Rowe and his seconder, Mr. French.

At the last few debates, the chairman has found it imperative to put a time limit on speakers. Mr. Ryde had the honour of commencing the term's work, and in proposing "This House would welcome the introduction of a measure for the regulation of alien immigration into this country," he shewed that he had thought out his case in a most conscientious manner, and, with the very able assistance of the honourable member for Widnes, Mr. Ward, the opposition was put in a position very difficult to defend. Mr. A. A. Taylor, who was seconded by Mr. H. T. Rowe, made a vigorous effort to maintain his position, but without success. Mrs. Fletcher, was asked by the chairman to say a few words, and although most of those present—especially the Londoners—did not agree with her, her contribution to the debate was much appreciated. The only other speaker for the opposition was Mr. French, whilst Miss Wiles and Messrs. Pescod, Rogers, and Hemmings voiced the opposite opinion. Amidst lusty cheers and the singing of "Rule Britannia," the motion was declared carried by 33 votes to 9.

Mr. Alderson in proposing "This House considers Novel Reading a waste of time," made a speech which was intensely interesting as well as instructive. The opposer of the motion, Miss Ashworth, clearly shewed that she had a very wide knowledge of good novels. Mr. Sayle, in seconding the motion, pointed out that the opposer had only treated the question from the point of view of the good novels. The motion was lost, the voting being—for the motion, 13; against, 31.

The next debate proved to be just what it had been announced—the great debate of the Session. Man was to throw down the gauntlet to Woman! Who would triumph? "The mental capacity of Woman is inferior to that of Man"—the proposition ran. Characterising men as

"lords of creation," Mr. George boldly and fearlessly performed his task. Miss Blount, in opposing the motion, claimed that woman's intellect was at least equal to that of man. Her speech struck one as being characteristically just.

Although Miss Herrman thought women were illogical, she made a good logical effort, in seconding the motion, to convince the men that they had superior intellects.

The ability with which Miss Thompson seconded the opposition seemed clearly to indicate that she intended to make everything "perfectly obvious," and she succeeded.

Mr. Sleeman, in speaking for the opposition, said that women had not been allowed to enter the realms of knowledge so freely as men, but that now that they were doing so, they were clearly proving that their mental capacity was not inferior. Mr. Hemmings argued that Society was carried on by two great forces, man's and woman's intellect; they so depended on each other that to say one was superior to the other was absurd.

Mr. Rowe made a brilliant speech, after which, two speakers for the proposition Miss K. Butler and Mr. Rogers gave their views. The arguments of the former were quietly and forcibly shewn to be fabulous by Miss Ward. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Pescod also spoke for the opposition. The delicate piece of advice to women, given gratuitously, by the latter speaker was as delicately acknowledged by Miss Blount in her concluding remarks. The boastful "lords of creation" were terribly defeated, and women students must for ever remain indebted to the two heroines who so ably championed their cause.

F.J.H.

H.U.C. ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

* * *

On Saturday November 6th, Mr. H. S. Mills gave an exceedingly interesting and instructive paper on "Recent Developments in Electric Lighting." He confined himself to the actual production of light by incandescent and arc lamps, speaking particularly of the Nernst in the former group, and of the flame arc in the latter. The paper, delivered in that fascinating style with which all who have heard Mr. Mills speak are so familiar, was a thorough success, and a vote of thanks was accorded him with much enthusiasm.

On February 2nd, an innovation was made in the annals of the society. Two students, Messrs. Bowker and Marsh, volunteered papers, and another student, Mr. H. S. Rowe took the chair. Mr. Marsh read his paper in a manner which seemed to indicate that he had had considerable experience of the joys appertaining to making gas and water tight joints in condensers, and explained the method by which the nearest approach to perfection is obtained.

Mr. Bowker commenced by giving details of construction, and trial runs of various torpedo boats, in which he seems to have participated to no great increase of his bodily comfort.

On February 11th, the annual meeting of the Society was held, the incoming Hon. President, S. W. Durkin, Esq., gave an address on "Gas Engineering," while last year's President, J. E. Wimshurst, M.I.M.E., occupied the chair. Mr. Durkin's address gave one a very clear idea of the

construction of a gas works; being confined to the arrangement and use of the generating, cleaning and purifying plant in use in such works as those of our own Corporation.

Prof. Eustice read the report of the Society for the past session, and spoke of the aims which the Society has in view, laying particular stress on the fact that students are brought into contact with local engineers by its means, and may thereby be helped in their after career. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Durkin.

On Saturday, December 10th, Mr. Moger read a paper on "Deep Well Sinking and Boring." He traced the history of well-sinking from ancient times up to the present day. After differentiating between "Common" and artesian wells, he proceeded to details of construction, with the aid of diagrams. He concluded by remarking that the services of the geologist should be called in to determine the practicability of obtaining water before commencing actual boring.

"The Governing of Gas Engines," was the title of a paper given by Mr. A. H. Burnand. It dealt with the methods usually employed to regulate the speed of Gas Engines, and after diagrams relating to the various systems had been described, the author shewed by a series of curves, the best theoretical results which were obtainable with the single cylinder Otto Engine, between "Full," and "No Load." In doing this, reference was made to the important function of the F. G. Wheel, in reducing the speed fluctuations to a required maximum percentage. An examination of cyclical speed changes, and recurring sequences of Explosions and "Cuts out," due to different Loads was then considered, bringing the paper to a close.

R.P.S.

CHRISTIAN UNION (Men's Branch).

* * *

OUR meetings have been well attended this term, and the various papers have been the means of leading to useful and instructive discussions. The first Sunday of the term was devoted to hearing the impressions of the Welsh Revival, gained by those who had spent their Christmas holidays in the midst of this movement.

The Rev. A. D. Martin, from the Avenue Congregational Church, addressed a combined meeting on Jan. 22nd. His helpful remarks will long be remembered by those present. A paper was given on the following Sunday by Mr. F. J. Hemmings on "The Possibility of World-wide Evangelization in this generation."

Mr. J. Jenkins' paper on "The Divine Inspiration of the Bible" successfully treated a difficult subject. The two papers given by Messrs F. Palmer and F. J. Hemmings on "Confucianism," and the two given by Messrs. G. E. Wearing and J. D. Sayle have proved exceedingly helpful.

Dr. Piggott, the first President of the Christian Union, has promised to address our meeting on April 2nd, and this meeting promises to be one of the best this Session. On the previous Sunday, Mr. E. Harvey reads a paper on "The Object of Life," which should prove very valuable.

Once again may we appeal to our fellow students for their help and sympathy in our efforts.

F.J.H.

CHRISTIAN UNION (Women's Branch).

* * *

THE work this term has been so far very encouraging. The attendance at the Sunday afternoon meetings has been increased, and the discussions at the close of the meetings have been both interesting and helpful.

The number of those who attend the Weekly Prayer Meetings is not large, but this does not prevent the gatherings from being very successful and valuable to those who are present.

February 5th was the second "Gift Sunday"; it was as great a success as the first, gifts of fruit and flowers being liberally given. At the afternoon meeting, the President, Miss Aubrey, M.A., gave an excellent address on "Gifts." At the close of the meeting the gifts were taken to the Infirmary.

All the members of this branch of the Christian Union extend a hearty welcome to all women students of the Collège, to the Sunday Afternoon Meetings held at Bevois Mount House.

M.C.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

* * *

AT last the long expected climax has been reached, and from various sources we gather that even the rythmical ear of His Majesty's Inspector has been charmed by the sweet strains which proceeded from about one hundred and fifty throats on Tuesday morning, March 14th, 1905.

Miss James, Messrs. Mills, Jenkins, Jones, and Cooper, rendered the solos in fine style, although they did turn their backs on that awful and rythmical being.

DICKY.

MALE VOICE PARTY.

* * *

WE have been compelled to change the evening of our practice on several occasions. This however, whilst causing great inconvenience to the members, has failed to slacken the interest.

We hope this spirit will be maintained throughout the future practices. The learning of such pieces as "The Soldiers' Chorus," "Come Merry Comrades," and "Martyrs of the Arena," is well worth the hour spent each week.

The thanks of the Committee are due and are heartily accorded to Mr. H. N. Brown, and the members who represented the party at the last soirée.

A few words by the way of advice:—"When coming to practice do not on any account forget to bring your music," and as a final word quoted from that well-known jokist C.G.B., "Bring your Lungs."

"TOMTIT."

CHESS CLUB. ♠ ♠

+ + +

THE Chess Club has been healthily active this term. The weekly meetings, which unluckily have been somewhat interrupted of late, have received due attention. The attendances have not been confined to men students.

Two matches have been played, both away from the College. The first, played on Jan. 24th, against the Southampton Chess Club, resulted in a loss for the College of 7-3. The second, played against the Y.M.C.A. Chess Club proved a win for the College of 7-4, being the first victory the College Chess Club has scored.

Return matches will shortly be played with these clubs.

L.H.

THE FOOTBALL CLUB (First XI.)

+ + +



SINCE the last issue of the Magazine, the Football Club has been going strongly. Of the eight matches played five have been won. The scratching of one or two matches was responsible for the rise of a 'select' team of footballers, who played an exhibition game against the second eleven.

College v. Eastleigh Wednesday. At Eastleigh.

This provided a splendid game. At the interval Eastleigh led by 2-0, but by the smartness of our forwards we were enabled to score six goals in the second half.

College v Reading. At Shirley.

A good crowd of spectators assembled to witness the game, but were rather disappointed by the form shown by the Hartley men. Reading fully deserved their 2-0 victory. Individually, our team did very well, but there was very little combination between the players.

The visitors were entertained after the match; tea was served in the Reading Room, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. A smoking concert was afterwards held. Whilst waiting on the railway platform, Mr. Mumford told an interested audience "what a hafternoon" he had had. The final leave-taking was pathetic.

College v Eastleigh Wednesday. At Shirley.

The game was fairly even, but the Wednesday avenged their previous defeat by winning 2-1.

College v. Botley. At Botley.

Playing with ten men, the College soon assumed the aggressive, and Bull was enabled to score. Botley then drew level. In the second half our opponents were outplayed, and finally the score stood at 3-1 in our favour.

College v. Grammar School. At Shirley.

This game proved to be rather one-sided—our forwards were in good form, five goals being scored, to which the visitors replied with one.

College v. R.V. Hospital. At Netley.

There was no scoring in the first forty-five minutes. After the interval, the home team made great efforts to score, but our backs were safe. Our forwards then had a turn, and Bull scored with a neat shot. A close game ended in a victory of 1-0.

College v. Banister Court. At Shirley.

Maintaining their form, the College played in good style, and won by five goals to nil.

College v. Winchester Training College. At Winchester.

At first play was fairly even, but after twenty minutes Harvey ran through and scored a good goal. The Wintonians pressed for a time, and finally equalised; shortly after the homesters gained the lead. On restarting the home team pressed, and in the end ran out winners by 3-2.

The following players have represented the College in first eleven matches:—H. S. Rowe, C. Mills, H. Taylor, H. C. Crook, J. Farrant (Capt.), A. Duncan, C. Tolfree, F. Katon, F. Cooper, E. Harvey, S. Bull, W. Philpott, W. Kent, and J. D. Sayle.

Our thanks are due to Miss Aubrey and her Committee for kindly carrying out all the arrangements for the tea on November 30th, 1904.

The following players have been recommended for badges:—Messrs. Farrant, Rowe, Crook, Sayle (last year), H. Taylor, Mills, Tolfree, Duncan, Philpott, Bull, Cooper, Harvey, and Katon.

FOOTBALL CLUB (Second XI.)

* * *

Several fresh players have been tried lately with advantage. 21 matches have been played this season—10 won; 2 drawn; and 9 lost.

College v. Grammar School.

The first match after the holidays resulted in a defeat for the College by 2 goals to nil.

College v Taunton Trade School.

Played away—this game ended in the School's winning by 2 goals to 1.

College v. Civil Service.

In this match the College were superior to their opponents, and won by 4 goals to nil.

College v. Argyle Athletic.

Playing away, the College administered a defeat to the Athletic by 5 goals to 1.

College v Twyford.

The College team returned victorious, having won by 5 goals to 3.

College v. Winchester Training College.

This match was played at Shirley, and resulted in a draw of 2 goals each.

The teams have been selected principally from the following:—Woodhouse (Capt.), Pryce (Vice), Williams, Osman, Abbott, Jenkins, Hufton, Prof. Fletcher, Pescod, Smith, Kiddle, Salt, and Laishley.

H.L.

EXPEDITION TO READING.

+ + +

ON Wednesday, March 15th, a small band of enthusiasts arrived at the Berkshire Metropolis shortly after noon, bent upon, so the notice read, doing or dying. They were accorded a hearty reception by the students of Reading College, who carried the visitors off to dinner at various "digs" in the town, with a hope of undoing the good results of months of careful training. The football team, of which the band consisted, were not to be caught and they turned out with every hope of securing their first victory at Reading. A late start was made, owing to the inclement weather, to which cause was also due the very bad state of the ground. The visitors had all the play when helped by the wind in the first half, so much so, that the Reading team did not get the ball past the line once during that period, but no goals were scored, although many good chances were missed. Five minutes after the interval, however, Harvey opened the score from a good run up on the left. The Southamptonians continued to have most of the play, but, in endeavouring to clear from the Reading left wing, Mills scored a magnificent goal against his own side at the second attempt, thus equalising matters. This reverse seemed to upset the visitors, and even play followed, but Philpott eventually obtained what proved to be the winning goal about ten minutes from the close. The match thus resulted in a win for the visitors by 2-1. It is impossible to pick out anyone for individual praise, as all played in a manner which meant victory. The forwards might have scored more goals had they utilised their chances more, the defence did all that was expected of them except on one occasion, when they decidedly did more, but the ground and the weather prevented good play.

The persons who "did" were, H. S. Rowe, C. Mills, H. E. Taylor, H. C. Crook, A. Duncan, C. Tolfree, F. Caton, F. Cooper, E. Harvey, S. Bull, G. Philpott, with J. A. P. Farrant as linesman.

After a good tea and smoking concert, for which the Reading hosts have the team's best thanks, the wanderers arrived home in the early hours of the morning, tired and weary, but delighted to think, that by their victory, they had merited the confidence of those fellow students whom they had had the honour to represent.

H.S.R.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

* * *

It is earnestly hoped that all ranks will endeavour to keep the Company attendance high, as the percentage counts towards the Battalion Shield, which carries with it £10, while £6 goes to the runner-up.

Last year, without any special efforts, we were third, having but 18 points less than the winners ("I" Co., 230 points), while the second ("H" Co.) were only 7 points in advance of us. The maximum of 350 points is allotted in groups of 50 to each of the following points:—

- 1—Percentage of attendances at Camp.
- 2—Average of attendances at 10 best Company drills.
- 3—Individual musketry practices.
- 4—Collective musketry practices.
- 5—Percentage of marksmen.
- 6—Percentage of men who have completed musketry course before Sept. 1st.
- 7—Recruits enrolled during year.

Let us see that "G" Company carries off the palm this year.

TERTIUS MILES.

BOATING CLUB, X X

* * *

A COMMITTEE has been elected and preparations are being made which it is hoped will ensure a successful season. The agreement will be transferred from Stevens's to Pickett's. Various schemes are on foot (? in water.—Ed.) for the benefit of the members, but it is impossible to say yet whether they will mature.

L.H.

GYMNASIUM.

* * *

This term marks the turning point in the career of the gymnasium. Hitherto the lack of apparatus has prevented adequate practice, but now that there is more apparatus, it is to be hoped that men will continue to turn out. The thanks of the Society are due to Mr Burnand and to Messrs. Farrant and Elkington, who fitted up the apparatus for us. The most popular exercises seem to be boxing, fencing and wrestling.

H.C.

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